THE MUSES DIRGE,

CONSECRATED TO the Remembrance of the High and Mightie Monarch, IAMES, by the Grace of *God, late King of* Great Brittaine, France, and Ireland; Who deceased at *Theobalds*, vpon Sunday, being the seuen and twentieth of March, 1625.

Written by *Richard James*, Master of Arts, and Preacher of Gods Word at *Stoke-Newington*, in the Countie of *Middlesex*, *neere* LONDON.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* and *I. N.* for *Iohn Browne*, and are to bee sold at his Shop in *Pauls* Churchyard, at the Signe of the Crane. 1625.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE EDWARD Lord CONVVAY Barron of RAGGLEY, and one of his Maieſties Principall Secretaries: And to the Right Worſhipfull Sir FRANCIS POPHAM Knight, ROBERT and IAMES wiſheth all Temporall and Spirituall Happineſſe.

RIGHT Honourable, and Right Worſhipfull, my publike zeale to the one of you, and my priuate ingagements to the other, haue inuited mee to this Dedication; In it you may ſee a King dead, and liuing: dead according to the fleſh, but liuing in the monument of his vertues, which ſuruiue beyond all deſolation, beyond all Funeralls. Their luſtre and irradiation is ſuch, both in the firſt action, and in the thence proceeding precedent of their examples, that in themſelues, they neede no Panegiris, nor Commendation. But yet that I might expreſſe my zeale to his Tombe,

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

I did my obedience to his Crowne, I haue brought the myte of these Tributary Layes, to the Consecrated Altar of his remembrance. If your Candor and worthinesse entertaine them fauourably, and giue them a free and noble acceptance, the Authour shall thinke his endeauours fortunate, and shall for euer rest:

Your Honours, and your

Worships euer deuoted

RICHARD JAMES.

THE MVSES DIRGE.

BEehold this heape of bones, this senslesse scull,
This speaking Emblem represents at full
Mans fraile estate, which like vnto the grasse
Doth fade, and wither, and away doth passe
In lesse then time: So that from out the wombe
We come no sooner, but vnto the Tombe
we make our Course, this being Heaue'ns decree
Since the first fruite of the forbidden Tree
Was chew'd by *Adam*; that his seed allwayes
Should haue on Earth but few, and euill daies.
The truth whereof, we with wet eyes may see
In this sad Mirrour of Mortalitie,
Whose dayes though Long, were euen as a Span
To great *Iehouaes* wide all-measuring hand.
Whose daies though good, had yet their thorny shares
Of worldly griefes, and Scepter cirkling cares.
Which he surmounting with the powerfull strength
Of his Seraphicke Soule, or'eswai'd at length
Eu'n as at first; transforming all their gall
(Which makes so many Soules sicke mortalls thrall)
To sweete *Nepenthe*, with whose pleasures drunke
Vnder their Masse. his vigour neuer suncke

But ſtill aſpir'd: Like to the Bird they call
Of Paradice, which here on Earth doth fall
Though made of Earth: But ſtill frequents the skie,
And ſtill amongſt thoſe Azured Orbs doth flie.
On Earth he liuing, liu'd no earthly life
But fly'd aboue ambition, pride, and ſtrife:
Aboue thoſe ſinnes, which with diuiſions chaine
Plucke Man from God, and God from Man againe.
So that whatſoeuer Luſtre you could finde,
Diſperſt among'ſt whole millions of Mankinde,
Of different graces, ſhining like rich gemmes,
Set in the fronts of ſeuerall Diadems:
All theſe, like Crownes, adorn'd his Royall head,
And of them all, large ſtories you may reade
In his Life Legend: Learning, Grauity,
Soule piercing Eloquence, rare Chaſtity,
Iuſtice, Compaſsion, Pitie, Piety,
Conſtancie, Prudence, Saint-like Charity:
All theſe were lockt within the Syttim Cheſt,
Of his retyred and Cæleſtiall breaſt.
Then as ſome rich perfumes being ſent from farre,
Where riſing Phœbus mounts his gliſtring Carre,
Shut vp in Boxes of *Arabian Gold*,
Send from the mid'ſt of that encloſing mould,
An Aromaticke ſweete perfuming ſmell,
Whereon the Soule and rauiſht ſenſe doth dwell:
Theſe vertues inthronized in that ſhrine,
Which did encloſe thoſe faculties diuine,
Sent forth vnto great Brittaines gazing view,
An obiect of a bright tranſparent hewe,
His glorious Life, which all men did admire,
As ſparkling from the cleere *Promethian* fire

Of

Of Lawe, and reason, which were still the squares
Of all his Life, his actions, and affaires,
Nor thus alone did admiration grace,
But imitation did the footsteps trace
Of his example. That the common wealth
Was fraught with plenty, peace, and publike health;
So that no members vnimploy'd did lye,
But answer'd others with conformitie:
All this proceeded from th'iradient light
Of IAMES his presidents, whose splendor might
In future Ages serue for patternes store,
And blemish all examples wrought before.
He was that Head from whom the Reuerend traine
Of our Law-giuers did their motions gaine:
He was that head from whom the Statesman tooke
His Oracles, as from some *Delphian* Booke:
He was that head from whom the Scholler drew
Contemplatiue and Pracique *Maxims* too.
Sixt *Henries* zeale, was lodg'd within his breast,
Seuenth *Henries* wisdome in his Soule did rest,
Third *Edwards* care his Scepter did attend,
Elizabeths sweet meekenesse did commend
His Princely gouernment, as truely good,
As it was free from slaughter-breathing bloud.
And all these Graces in such plenteous measure,
Were powred forth of great *Pandoras* treasure,
Vpon his Regall selfe, that all her hoord.
All her large *Magazin* could scarse afford
But such another Patterne; pleasing Peace,
Full swelling plenty, priuate, publike ease
Were Handmaides to his Scepter; He that ploughes
The Westerne Isles, and *Irelands* slimy sloughes,

The Redſhanke which frequents that Northerne ſhore,
Where *Neptunes* waues againſt cold Orkney roare.
The nimble *Kerne*, who ſootes it ore the paces,
The Bog's, and Quagmires, and thoſe vncouth placess,
Where *Oneals* baſtard iſſue, proud *Tyrone*
As *Vlſters* Monarch did himſelfe inthrone:
All theſe reformed grew, and patternes tooke
Of life and liuing, from th' exemplar booke
Of their late Soueraigne: whoſe religious care,
No coſt of Coyne, no labour did forbeare,
To reſtore Churches in th' *Hybernian* Land,
Spoyl'd by th' accurſed Northerne Rebels hand
Thus popular, and vncontrould applauſe,
Did all the Current of his actions grace;
Only that impure, pure reputed ſect,
Which ſingular preciſeneſſe doth affect, (tence
Which flies from Conſcience, and makes gloz'd pre-
Their ſtalking-Horſe, and their Religions eſſence:
Only th' Ignatian Conclaue, which adores
Their triple Mytred Prelate, and implores
His Pardon more then Gods, when as they ſpinne
The vnhallowed web of their vnueniall ſinn:
Theſe were the ſole enuiers of that ſtate
Which all this continent poſſeſt of late,
From th' influence of his moſt glorious Raigne,
Free from that blemiſh, and that menſtruous ſtaine
Which forraigne Kingdomes ſuffer; and to theſe
Who were this Ilands burthen, and diſeaſe,
But marke his mercy: that blacke Powder-plot,
Which at the publike deſolation ſhot,
And meant with one ſtate and King-killing ſtroake,
Religions forme and gouernement to choake:

Th' *Ar-*

Th' *Argilian* Treaſon, nor the dreadfull bent
Of *Gowries* complot wanting preſident;
All theſe Conſpiracies could not enforce
Our IAMES to leaue his mercies ancient courſe.
As knowing this to be th' Almighties Type,
Which makes the Creature to his Creator like;
Yet all theſe Graces, nor their ſwelling dower,
Which th' heauens did in ſuch abundance power,
Could not once ſtop the Fatall Siſters knife,
Nor adde one minute to his cancel'd Life.
Not all that maſſe of vnexhauſted ſtore,
Which lies from *Douer* to the Northerne Shore,
Not that moſt awfull Scepter, nor that Crowne,
Which now the Princes temples doth ſurround,
Not all theſe dignities could once aſſwage,
The boundleſſe bounds of Deaths vnſatiate rage,
Which ſtrikes alike the Scepter, and Plough-ſhare,
And ſtriking doth nor King, nor Peſant ſpare.
But ô thou ſcourge of Man-kind, why ſhouldſt thou
To Kings, and Monarchs, thy deſtruction vow?
O why ſhould their Annoynted Corps endure
Thy killing Plague, thy raging Callenture?
VVa'ſt not enough that ſtreames of purple blood,
Conieal'd of late on *Beame-lands* ſurface ſtood?
VVa'ſt not enough that all *Sycambr'ias* tract
By thy dire ſhafts lay deſolate and ſacte?
But muſt thy winged wrath inuade this Land,
And *Myriads* kill with that accurſed hand,
Whoſe rage no vulgar blood-ſhed could alay,
Nor common Carnage could thy furie ſtay?
Bnt muſt thy longing ſoule deuoure a flood
Of more e'nobled conſecrated blood?

And like some Horse-leach thou must sucke the veines
Of foure thrise honour'd Peeres, whose mouing straines
Vnder our King, did rule three Kingdomes lore,
And in that rule a glorious portion bore.
And could not heare thy banefull malice stop,
But must thy fatall Axe that Cedar lop,
That branched Tree, which shaddowed all the soyle,
Of this Heau'ns-blessed, and *Iames*-blessed Ile?
Must *Iames* dye like the rest, and die to vs,
When we did want him most? Then dying thus,
Shall his remembrance vnremembred passe,
Assoone as h'is intombed in the masse
Of's Mother Earth? Shall no *Plebeian* Verse
Adorne the Shrine of his diuiner Hearse?
Shall not the Muses learned Pensill raise
Some Monument to his immortall praise?
Shall hee that wrote *Lepantoes* famous Story,
And gaue a liuing lustre to the glory
Of those time-honour'd Christians, who did fight
Against fierce *Partaes* and *Euchalies* might?
Shall hee that wrote vpon that thornie Care,
Which Crownes & Scepters in their Compasse beare?
Shall hee that squar'd the *Iupiters* Royall Gemme,
Farre richer then his Triple Diademe,
Wherein his sonnes might those Characters see,
Which God requires in selfe-like Maiestie?
Shall hee that did those Mysteries vnfold,
Which blessed *Iohn* in *Pathmos* Ile foretold,
Who did discouer all the cursed shifts
Of *Demoniacks*, and their hellish drifts?
Shall hee that gaue the Scepter, rules to sway,
And taught how Subiects should their King obey?

Who

Who did defend that Oath which doth maintaine,
The right of Monarchs, that on earth doe raigne?
Who made *Perounes* proud Cardinall ſtand mute,
And *Vorſtius* Summes did learnedly confute?
Shall hee that rayſed others from the night
Of darke obliuion want obſequious right?
Oh ſhall the Siſters three thrice numbred Chore,
Which walkes on *Iſis*, and on *Granaes* ſhore?
Oh ſhall *Apolloes* Laureat Conclaue bee
So enuious vnto Iuſt Solemnitie,
As not to bring their tributary Layes,
To Frontiſpice the Marble of his praiſe?
Not ſo, nor ſo, for ſooner ſhall that Hill
Whereas they ſit *Achaias* Champion fill?
Sooner ſhall *Agenippes* ſprings grow ſcant,
And *Phœbus* Darlings ſacred Liquor want,
Then that great *Iames* his conſecrated Vrne,
Shall want Fames Veſtall flames, which ſtill ſhall burne
Till Times laſt period, and ſhall neuer die,
Till all things fade, except Eternitie.
For waſt not that the Muſes ſtood at gaze
Vpon that Sunne, whoſe ſplendor did amaze
Their dazeled ſenſes? Waſt not that his life
Within their doubtfull Iudgements raiſ'd a ſtrife,
And made their Conſort to demurre at large,
Before they durſt to vndergoe this charge,
Thinking their outward Varniſh might deface
His inward worth, perfection, forme and grace;
Had it not been their candor ſcornes to giue
Fames Funeralls to Princes whilſt they liue?
Or that their Synode did deſire to ſee
The finall Act of his Mortalitie?

Some

Some *Iohnſon, Drayton*, or ſome *Herick* would
Before this time haue charactred the Mould
Of his perfections; and in liuing Lines,
Haue made them knowne before theſe mourning times.
Nor was our *Iames* his life more fitme and ſure,
More free, and ſpotleſſe, ſublimate and pure,
Then was his farewell to this ſinfull earth,
Which brought him to Eternities firſt birth:
So that a fruitfull Panegericke field,
His Life and Death vnto the Learned yeeld,
Whereafter all the volumes of their praiſe,
Their ſable ſheets, and Elegiacke Layes,
They may conclude, *Iames* liu'd and died ſo well,
That Life and Death in him were parallell.
His life, was not like ſome *Aprilian* blaſt,
Which endeth in a cloudy ſtorme at laſt.
Nor was it like ſome Riuers Chriſtall ſource,
Which muddy runnes in his continued courſe:
For as he liu'd, ſo did this Monarch die,
And left for patterne to Poſteritie,
The bright examples of his life and death,
Shining like *Ledaes* twinnes, on heauen, on earth.
Thus to be briefe, he liu'd and dyed ſo well,
That Life and Death ſtroue both which ſhould excell.
For when that *Galens* skill could not appeaſe
The raging of his Callentur'd diſeaſe;
When Death approached, and the fatall knife
Began to touch the cordiall ſtrings of life:
Hee knowing, that th' Egyptian tottering reed
Of humane helpe, and ſuccour could not ſteed
His Soule in this diſtreſſe; did not relye
Vpon that broken Collumne, but did flie

To that all-helping, and all-healing hand,
Which for his good, ſtill moouing, ſtill did ſtand.
His Conſcience being iealous of thoſe faults,
Of thoſe tranſgreſſiue crimes, and thoſe defaults,
Which preſt his Soule, before his finall gaſpe,
Their Counting-booke he plainly did vnclaſpe,
And fully did confeſſe that Maſſe of Sinne,
Which hee from's youth to's elder Age did ſpinne;
He knowing true repentance for to bee
A ſecond *Iordan* for that Leproſie,
Which ouerſpreads the Soule: and that the Balme
Of *Maries* teares was ſoueraigne for his harme.
Hee grinds his carnall heart, and ſtraight relents,
Hee flies from Law to Grace, and then repents
For all thoſe ſinnes, which raiſe the parting wall,
And make the creature from th' Creator fall:
Hee grieues for them, as though hee meant no more
To grieue for ſinnes, like to thoſe ſinnes before.
Then mounted on the Cherub of his Faith,
Hee thus and thus to his Redeemer ſaith:
The dreadfull terrours of the gaping Graue
Cannot my Courage, nor my Zeale depraue:
I know that Death eu'n with his grimmeſt face,
Can but this rotten Houſe of clay deface,
And that, that laſt *Omega* well to die,
Is but the *Alpha* to Eternitie.
I know my ſinnes are great, and that their fright
Might iuſtly bring an euerlaſting night
Vpon my penſiue Soule, but that my Hope,
Ioyn'd with a liuely Faith, doth vnder-prop
Theſe humane frailties, and doe make mee flie
From feares ſad Manſion, to that Chriſtall Skie

Where my Redeemer liues, who doth receiue
All those who leaue sinne, before sinne them leaue.
But though my faults be great, my priuate sense
Doth thus farre comfort my sad Conscience,
That though they be, of a vermilion die
I neuer yet left my fidelitie
To Faith nor true Religion; but did lay
My sole foundation on that Rockie staie:
This was the Pole, the Pillar, and the light,
Which did direct my sinne-eschewing sight
From the first day, that I this light did see
To this last act of my mortalitie.
Then calling for the sacred Bread and Wine,
Which powerfully doth man and God combine,
He takes it from that learned Prelats hand,
Which *Lincolnes* Sea rules as Diocesan,
And this he did vpon that glorious day,
VVherein he first did *Englands* Scepter sway.
Twise had the Sunne his smoaking Axle steep't,
Within the Billowes of the Westerne deepe,
When *Saturne* look't vpon the third daies light,
With a malignant, ill fore-boading sight,
For two howres after that sad middaies date
Hee lost his Speech, which did prognosticate
The dire disaster of this Monarchs death,
Who next day left, that Mansion house of earth,
And laid his Royall earthly Scepter downe,
To put on heau'ns immortalized Crowne.
But after that his speech began to faile,
And pale-fac't Death did cu'ry sense assaile;
When as they prai'd or read, to those sweete lines
He gaue consent with cleere transparent signes,

By lifting vp his hands, his armes, his eies,
To him that dwels aboue th'all Circling skies.
But on the Sunday morne, foure howres before
The Sunne saluted *Englands* Easterne shore,
Hee calling for his Sonne, lifts vp his head,
By *Ramseys* helpe, from off the fatall bed,
Where his last act was kissing of his Sonne,
And his last words were calling still vpon
His Princely CHARLES, who did euen melt,
For those sad paines which dying IAMES then felt.
Hence in the mid'st of those suspicious feares,
That masse of woes, those Cataracks of teares,
His Royall Race, his Stock thats left behind,
May in their mourning thoughts this comfort finde;
That alls not dead, for one part is ascended,
T'other being dust, to dust is now descended,
Whereas a pawne ingag'd that mortall lies,
Till glorified immortall it shall rise.
And as for me though that blacke Sundaies light,
Whereon grim *Saturne* look't as blacke as night,
And th'heauens powr'd such stormes of melting (showres,
Out of *Aquarius* tempest-breathing bowres,
And wept as though his Losse they did lament,
In whom the world receiu'd so much content.
Although that day shall ne're be registred
In my sad thoughts, nor once be kalendred
Amongst the white ones, but be mark'd for bad
Prodigious, Dismall, Ominous, and Sad.
Yet this shall be a Cordiall to my mind,
Vertues did adde before, Fame adds behind,
Life to his life, which shall for euer last
Beyonds Times power, and false detractions blast,

Yet this shall be my comfort, that his Throne
VVants not a CHARLS fit for succession,
Vnder whose Raigne, this Sea deuided Land,
VVhich runnes from *Kantium* to th' *Orcadian* Strand;
Vnder whose Raigne, fat *Ireland* and faire *France*
Shall lift vp their deiected countenance
VVith mirth and gladnesse. For no forraigne foe,
This *Neptune*-girdled Monarchie shall know
Nor feele within her entralls; no State cankers,
With publike miseries shall glut their rankors,
No Court-*Hyrudoes* shall make Iustice bleede,
Nor on the Commons desolation feede,
Eliz'aes dayes shall once againe returne,
And IAMES his daies rise out of IAMES his vrne.
Let vs not then who doe suruiue him here
In this darke vale, with sable mourning cheere
Lament him more, since he doth liue, though dead,
Within his CHARLES, since that his glorious head
Is Heau'n-Thronized, where he now doth sing
Alleluiae's to the Cœlestiall King,
Among'st the winged troopes, where he now sees
The perfect shape of faithes darke misteries,
And that not in a glasse, but face to face
Reflected from the Splendor of that grace,
VVhich giues vs faith below; and then aboue,
Immortall Knowledge, Wisedome, Truth and Loue.

Annagra-

Anagramata Anglica-Latina,
OR:
Certaine Anagrams applied vnto the death of our late Soueraigne King IAMES of blessed Memorie.

KING IAMES.
I am seeking.

(King

WHat didst thou seeke, O *Iames*, Great Brittaines
Wast Scepters more or Diadems to bring
Vnto thy rule? or soughts thou to subdue
By subtill Plots, or *Mars* his warlike crew (power
Thy smooth-toung'd foes? who had they had but
Would not haue spar'd, blood-storming showers to
Vpon thy Selfe, thy Kingdome, and thy Race, (poure
But would haue sought Great Brittaine to deface,
And doe to thee, as they haue done to those
Whom iust pretences made them lawfull foes.
Or did'st thou seeke by force to make the *Rhine*
Reacknowledge homage to the *Palatine*?
Or soughts thou by new conquests to obtaine
Another World vpon the Westerne maine?
Not thus, nor thus, for thy diuinest bent
Did neuer rest vpon the Firmament
Of these proiections, for thy chiefest aime
Was Heau'n on Earth, and from Earth Heau'n to gaine,
On Earth, ô King, thou ne're soughts Earthly treasures,
'Twas Iustice, Piety, Peace, and Heauens pleasures;
These were the things, which thou great Monarch sough
And th'only scopes of thy Cœlestiall thoughts.

Another vpon the same.

O Hee is gone, for whom the Sisters three
Of grace doe mourne, and chide with destinie:
O he is gone for whom *Apollo* sings
A fatall Dirge, vnto his weeping strings:
O hee is gone, for whom the Muses crie
In sable weeds with dolefull melodie.
But although *Iames* bee gone, hee's gone *to seeke*
That Mansion, where the King of Kings *doth keepe;*
Yet all's not gone, for heauen keepes his Spirit,
Fame his remembrance, Honour his due Merit.
Thus being lost, hee's found, and seeking finds
That happinesse, which earth-deuoted minds
Doe neuer seeke, nor euer shall obtaine,
Because they seeke not heau'n on earth to gaine.

Anagrammata Latina.

IACOBVS REX.

Bis Rex Vaco.

QVi modo regnani trino Diademate cinctus
Bis Rex Imperio, bis Diadema gerens:
Cuius erat quicquid diuisus ab orbe Brittannus
Possidet, & pulchri quicquid Hybernus *habet.*
Nunc ego mundanis curis & mole solutus
Ethereâ Liber spiritus arce vaco.

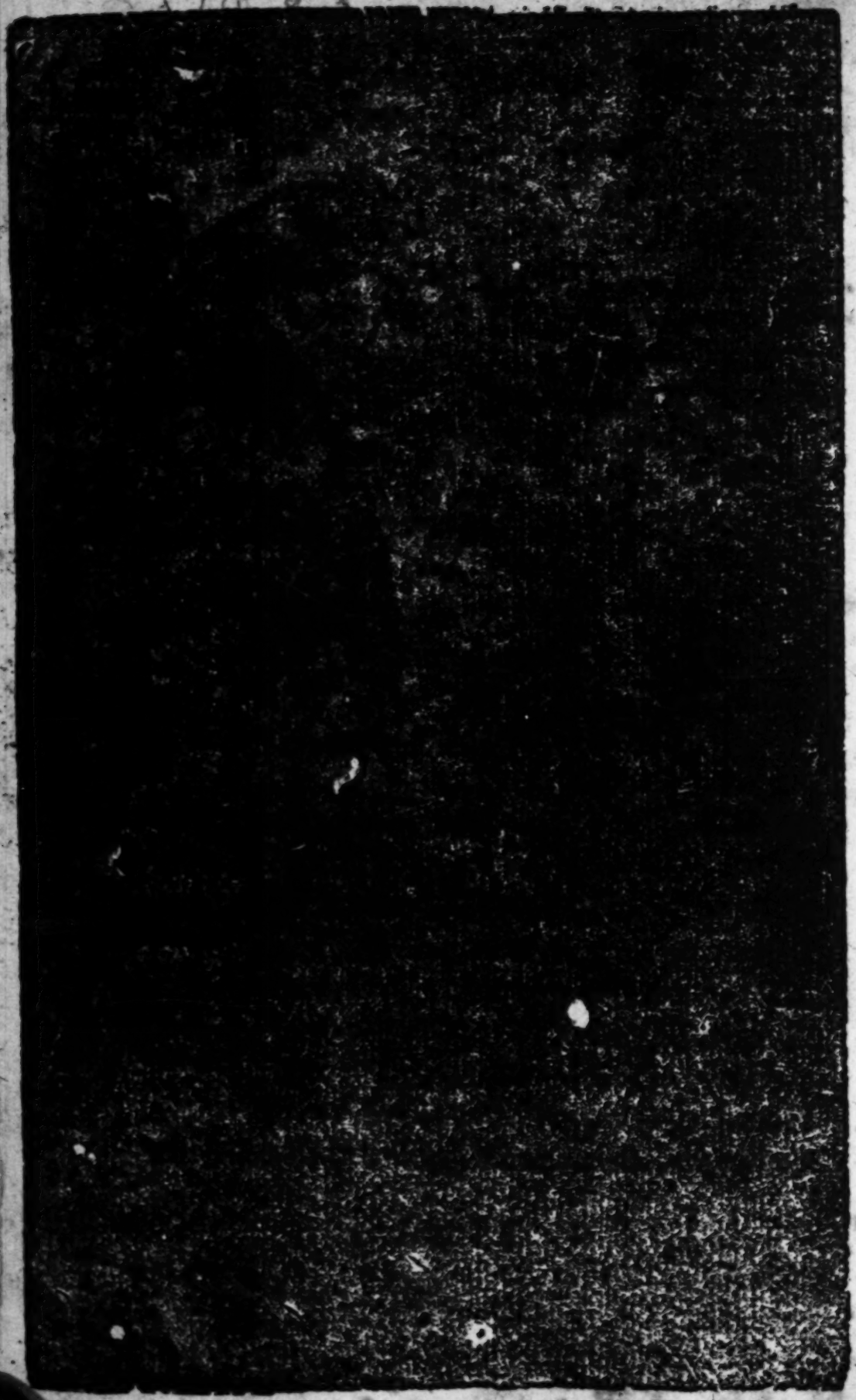
Aliud

Aliud in idem.

Dignus eras cunis Scotiæ Diademate, dignus
Qui gereres tenera Regia sceptra manu;
Dignus eras, quum te senior cognouerat atas,
Annosa vt gereres sceptra Brittanna manu:
Bisq; coronatus, meliori cincta corona
Tempora pro meritis, nunc Iacobe, tenes:
Sic tibi post triplicis, triplicata pericula regni,
Post hæc Diuinis rebus adesse vacat.

Aliud Anagramma.

IACOBVS REX.
Ob curas Exî.

QVi triplicis Regni totidem moderatus habenas,
Bisq; coronatus nostro regnauerat Orbe,
Cuius erat, quicquid toto circumfluaponto
Insula dines habet, quicquid quæ a Virgine terra
Nomen habet, habuit, vel quicquid Hybernia tota:
Post varias curas, & multa pericula Regni
Hac tumulatus humo, fælici conditur vrna.
Exutus, sic eximit, sic pondere liber
Terreno, ad manes facilis migrauit Elysæ,
Henriciq; Annaq; suæ, iunctusq; corona
Cælicolûm, aterna fælix dominatur in aula.

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